

# Through the Veil.

A MANUAL FOR MOURNERS.

The Guild of All Souls,  
6, CLEMENT'S INN, STRAND, W.C.

6D. NET



# Through the Veil.

BY THE LATE  
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Third Edition.

THE GUILD OF ALL SOULS,  
6, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.

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AND AT CHISWICK.



“ Unseen awhile, yet near, and nearer still  
Thou art to me, and seemest as by prayer  
I hold communion with our mutual LORD,  
Who heareth prayer : in that assurance blest  
With thee I am, and then am comforted  
And haply from thy prayers are those sweet drops  
That lighten my sad heart, for sure I am  
Thy love hath not grown cold, thy love for me,  
But rather doth intenser burn, more near  
The countenance of Him Whose name is Love.”

I. WILLIAMS, *The Christian Seasons*.

“ There are some Christians who deprive themselves of the consolation of prayers for the dead. . . . Apparently from no other cause than that they do not understand how the efficacy of prayer can extend so far—from one world to another—from the visible to the invisible. . . . Efficacy of prayer for the living is possible, although it may not be explicable by reason. I say in my turn, do not then deny the efficacy of prayer for the dead, merely because it is inexplicable, or appears to be so.”—*Sermons of Philaret*.



## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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**I**N issuing a second edition of this little manual, I think its usefulness may be much increased by the addition of a few Hymns, and I desire to thank the following for their kind permission to re-print Hymns, of which they hold the copyright:—Canon Carter for the use of the Litany for the Faithful Departed ; Messrs. J. Masters and Co., for Hymns 1, 7, and 13 ; Mr. J. T. Hayes, for Hymns 2 and 3 ; the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould, for Hymns 4 and 17 ; Messrs. Burns and Oates, for Hymns 5, 6, 8, 10, and 18 ; the Proprietors of *Lyra Germanica*, for Hymn 12 ; the Editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, for Hymn 14 ; and the Proprietor of the *People's Hymnal*, for Hymn 15.

I am glad to know that “Through the Veil” has been found a comfort to many in the hour of bereave-



vi.      *PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.*

ment, and it is surely a cause for much thankfulness that the primitive practice of prayer for the Blessed Dead is now widely recognized as a part of the heritage of the Church of England.

I earnestly ask all those who find this book of use to them in their spiritual life, to remember me in their intercessions, so that whether in the body, or departed this life, the mercy and pardon of CHRIST may be vouchsafed unto me.

A.S.D.

*Feast of All Saints, 1893.*

NOTE TO THIRD EDITION.

The Author passed away more than four years ago (R.I.P.) and this little booklet has been for some time out of print, but as it is still asked for, and it has undoubtedly brought hope and comfort to many sorrowing ones, it has seemed desirable to issue another edition in the hope that its usefulness may be yet more widely extended

*September, 1910.*



I dedicate this book to the Memory of my most dear  
little Son LEONARD, who departed this life "until the  
Day dawn," Good Friday, 1892.

A. S. D.



## Through the Veil.

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I HAVE often stood beside the open grave, and viewed with distress the overwhelming sorrow which seemed to sway the hearts of those who stood around the last resting place of those they loved. I have heard the anguished cry of the widow calling upon her dead husband to speak—at least once more, and refusing to leave the place where all that was dearest to her on earth was laid. I have seen the tears course down the cheeks of the father and mother as they lay in the earth the tiny body of their first-born, their dearly beloved, and I know how aching that void is in the bereaved heart. I have heard, I have seen all this, and at the sound and sight of such grief have longed to speak some word of comfort and of solace, but all that I could do at such a solemn time was to lay my hand upon the shoulder of each, and bid them not to sorrow “as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him.”



At such times I have felt the utter inability of the ordinary belief to bring comfort and rest to the stricken heart, and I have longed above all things to speak of the fuller revelation of the Catholic Faith:—the beauty, and the sympathy, the glory and the peace of a belief in a prayerful remembrance of the Blessed Dead.

And then, again, when we who mourn sit sad and silent in the home, now so dark and desolate (ah, those who have gone through all this will understand what I mean) and endeavour to pierce the darkness and denseness of the cloud of sorrow which has so suddenly overwhelmed us, we long for some word of comfort—some word which will tell us of the bourne to which our loved ones have gone, and from which there is no return. They have gone and left us desolate and drear, and although, as believers in the Blessed LORD JESUS we know it is for some wise purpose, at present unknown to us, that our dear dead have gone, yet the longing ever come into our hearts to know something of the abode of the souls of those whose faces we loved to look upon,—whose words we loved to hear,—whose hands we loved to touch.

And as the years roll on we still think of them; they may have been long dead and buried, and yet they live in our hearts, and we dwell upon their love. We recall, through the vista of years, the last farewell,—the glad look upon the dear faces as the vision of JESUS



grew brighter and more bright,—our last look into the open grave—flower-strewn—the silent walk to the desolate home, brightened by the thought that in a sure and certain hope we had laid in the all-receiving earth the body of those we loved. Next to JESUS and the Blessed Saints they are now the anchors of our soul to bind us to the “Land beyond the sea.”

Dear dead ! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us ;  
And distant heaven like home,  
Through them begins to woo us ;  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places ;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.

We love them, and desire to know what those we love are doing, and where they dwell, and how we can show our love to them. Do they still think of us and love us ? cannot the Veil be lifted to gladden our longing eyes ? Is there Love beyond the Veil ?

We long to believe that it may be so,—long to believe that death quickens our love, and brings us even nearer to each other in spiritual companionship than we were before. We long to believe the soothing strains of a Master in Israel to be true—

Weep not for me !  
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom  
The stream of love that circles home,



Light hearts and free !  
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends,  
Nor miss my face, dear friends.

I still am near :  
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,  
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth.  
Now, too, I hear  
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,  
Low prayers and musings sweet.

A sea before  
The throne is spread ; its pure still glass  
Pictures all earth scenes as they pass ;  
We on its shore  
Share, in the bosom of our rest  
God's knowledge, and are blest.

Now my object is to give to those who mourn some word of comfort—and to help them to realize that between them and “the souls of the righteous,”—there can be a real, loving communion,—a communion of love, of memory, of prayer ;—that there is a bond of union between us, which can never be broken, as long as we are faithful.

The Church is one, whether of the living in CHRIST—or the dead in Him—rather I should say that we “all live unto Him,” so that prayers for the dead are in reality prayers for the *living*,—the blessed dead are still living spirits, having a conscious and real life. For the fundamental truth on which this blessed belief rests is



the fact that the Church is one, whether of the living in CHRIST, or of the dead in Him,—the fact of the unbroken relations which bind together the members of each part of the Church:—those who still fight on earth, and those at rest in Paradise:—the unity which exists between the Visible Church, and the Church Invisible.

And this living oneness common to the whole Body stands firm on the truth of the Incarnation, on the truth that the same life animates the whole Body, whether in the flesh or in the spirit. “There is one Body and one Spirit.” We are one in Him still, for death does not break that tie of mutual love and service, and if that is so, our mutual love and service still go on, and our prayers will still ascend for those who have departed for the unseen shore—still ascend until we reach the full vision of the Face of CHRIST, when our season of waiting will be over and our process of perfection perfected.

Well, then, concerning those dear ones, whose absence from our midst will ever cause an aching void, what may we know concerning those souls? S. Paul says, “I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep;”\* and, indeed, there is no room for ignorance when the light of Revelation shines clear and distinct.

\* 1 Thess. iv. 13.



Perhaps it is hardly necessary for those who know the Catholic Faith to be told that the souls of the faithful at the moment of death go to Paradise, there to wait in peace the final judgment day. Although Paradise is generally spoken of as the place of the saved, yet it includes both the saved and the lost, between which there is a great gulf fixed. Of that state we know very little, although there are no doubt different degrees of happiness there, as there are in the mansions of Heaven. The Jews all believed that after death the state of the soul is one of partial happiness, or partial misery; and that, although conscious of their final salvation or final misery, the dead are not then finally judged, and thus it was that when our Blessed LORD spoke of "Abraham's bosom"\* they knew what He meant, and that He referred to this place of waiting. The same state is spoken of in the Epistle of S. Peter† as "in prison" and in the Vision of the Apocalypse as "under the Altar."‡

This is the belief of the Catholic Church, and yet it is strange how common is the idea, especially in lands where there have been separations from the visible Church, that the souls of the dead go at once to Heaven or to Hell. What need then, if this be true, of a Judgment Day at all? and what mockery it would be for the soul once admitted to Heaven, and to the full vision of

\* S. Luke xvi. 22.     † 1 S. Pet. iii. 19.     ‡ Rev. vi. 9.



GOD, to be brought out at the coming of the King to be formally judged.

Besides, all this is contrary to the Word of GOD. Does not our LORD Himself say, "No man hath ascended up to *Heaven*, but He that came down from Heaven, even the Son of Man Which is in Heaven?"\* S. Peter too testifies: "David is not ascended into *the Heavens*."† S. Paul in the Epistle to the Corinthians bears witness: "We must all appear before the Judgment Seat of CHRIST; that every one may receive the things done in the *body*."‡ Now there can be no judging of the body until the Resurrection day, when body and soul are once again joined together in order to stand before the Judge.

When our Blessed LORD hung on the Cross, He said to the penitent thief, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in *Paradise*;" this is the place of which the prophet David speaks when he prophesied long before in the sixteenth Psalm,§ and S. Peter on the day of Pentecost tells us what the Psalmist meant: "He (David), seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of CHRIST, that His soul *was not left in Hell*, neither His flesh did see corruption."||

Now this Paradise, this Hell, or Hades, into which our Blessed LORD'S Soul went to meet the penitent thief

\* S. John iii. 13.  
§ Ps. xvi. 10.

† Acts ii. 34.  
|| Acts ii. 31.

‡ 2 Cor. v. 10.



could not have been Heaven, for He Himself said to S. Mary of Magdala after His resurrection, "Touch Me not ; for I am *not yet ascended to My Father.*" \*

When we turn to the story of Dives and Lazarus, we find there a description of the state of two souls, one in "Abraham's bosom," or Paradise, the other in "Hades," in torment, *before* the Judgment Day. We know that this is so, because the rich man had left behind him in the world some of his kindred—five brethren—to whom he asked that warning might be sent, lest they also should come into the same place of torment.

Passing on to the Epistle to the Hebrews, we find in the eleventh chapter an account of what faith had done in the lives of the saints. "These all, having obtained a good report through faith, *received not the promise* : God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." † One would have thought that to such, if any, Heaven would have been the reward—that is if Heaven is for us at the moment of death. But the Beatific Vision was not for them yet, they could not be perfect "without us"—the perfection of each member depends upon the perfection of the whole body.

And in the Revelation of S. John we read of the state of the souls of the martyrs :—"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and

\* S. John xx. 17.

† Heb. xi. 39, 40.



for the testimony which they held : and they cried with a loud voice, saying, *How long*, O LORD, Holy and True, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth ? And white robes were given unto every one of them ; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." \*

For them, even for the martyrs, perfection is not yet, and so the cry goes up, "*How long*, O LORD, Holy and True ? "

The infallible Word of God, therefore, tells us that the soul after death rests in Paradise, a place of rest and imperfect happiness, until the Day dawn and the Sun of Righteousness arise, and *then* soul and body re-united, having received the welcome word of the Just Judge, " Well done, good and faithful servant," will enter the Mansions of the Blessed, to remain in perfect bliss throughout the ages.

Having learnt so much concerning the place in which the redeemed soul rests after death, we will now try to realize the condition of that soul. And first of all let us be very clear on this point, the life of the soul in Paradise can never alter the sentence at the last great day. As we die, so shall we be through all eternity. This life is the life of probation, but the life in Paradise is the life

\* Rev. vi. 9—11.



of progressive illumination and progressive purification. The life in Paradise is "not a new probation, but an added opportunity." Neither the Catholic Church nor the Scriptures of God allow us to believe that the *wilful* sinner dying impenitent can ever reach Heaven, nor, on the other hand, can the saved sinner dying in the faith of the LORD JESUS fail of reaching Heaven ; but, at the same time, surely there is *every* hope for that soul who departs this life having never wilfully rejected God—for that soul who by reason of surroundings, or want of knowledge and grace, had never really laid hold upon God, and dies without much visible sign of faith and hope. At any rate, God is merciful and loving, and we are content to leave this matter in His hands.

One thing we know, therefore, concerning the condition of the Blessed Dead is, that their state is one of progression. We have already seen this in two of the passages quoted. In the one, from the Epistle to the Hebrews, we learn that "*they without us* are not made *perfect*." The Church is one, and she is not perfected until each of her members is made perfect, and until that full perfection comes—the day when the Bride shall be fully adorned to meet her husband—there must be progression ; the Patriarchs of the old Covenant then cannot be made perfect until we join them ; nor will the Martyrs under the Altar cease to cry "How long ?" until the time comes for the full gathering of the nations.



“They go *from strength to strength*, and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion,” \* cries the Psalmist, and the Wise man exclaims : “The path of the just is as the shining light that *shineth more and more* unto the perfect day.” † And all this is in harmony with what S. Paul says to the Christians at Philippi, when he tells them that he is confident that God Who “hath begun a good work in you, will *perform it until the day of Jesus Christ*,” ‡ that is, not until death, but until the second coming of the Master ; while the great Apostle says of himself, “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, shall give me *at that day*.” §

There is therefore for the saved soul after death a progressive purification. It is the belief of many, and this is not contradicted by God’s Word, that the soul in Paradise will perfect its sorrow for *sin*. At the sight of JESUS with the nail-prints in His Hands and the wounded Side, the thought of the great love so amazing, so divine—and then the thought of the soul’s unworthiness, and the grief it has brought to the Heart of our LORD, will cause the soul to be overwhelmed with sorrow, and filled with hatred of sin ; this feeling, however, will not hinder the peace and joy and love that fill the heart at the sight of the SAVIOUR’S Face. This thought has been most

\* Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

† Prov. iv. 18.

‡ Phil. i. 6.

§ 2 Tim. iv. 8.



beautifully expressed by one who is now beyond the Veil. The Guardian Angel tells the redeemed soul :—

“ It is the face of the Incarnate God  
 Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain ;  
 And yet the memory which it leaves will be  
 A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound ;  
 And yet withal it will the wound provoke,  
 And aggravate and widen it the more.  
 When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,  
 The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart  
 All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.  
 Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,  
 And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,  
 That one so sweet should e’er have placed Himself  
 At disadvantage such, as to be used  
 So vilely by a being so vile as thee.  
 There is a pleading in His pensive eyes  
 Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee,  
 And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself ; for though  
 Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,  
 As never thou didst feel ; and wilt desire  
 To slink away, and hide thee from His sight ;  
 And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell  
 Within the beauty of His countenance,  
 And these two pains, so counter and so keen,  
 The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not ;  
 The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,  
 Will be thy veriest, sharpest, purgatory.” \*

At any rate whether this is so or not, we are told by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that, without

\* *The Dream of Gerontius.* By Cardinal Newman.



holiness no man shall see the LORD,\* and in the Revelation of S. John, that there shall in no wise enter into the City of the Redeemed anything that defileth ;† and as we know the vast majority of men die with the stains of “sins committed through ignorance” upon their souls, it seems to be a matter of common sense to believe that as nothing that is unholy can enter the Heavenly Jerusalem—those stains must be cleansed in that Intermediate State between death and the Resurrection. Our Blessed LORD Himself says, “Blasphemy against the HOLY GHOST . . . shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come,” ‡ which surely implies that there are sins unforgiven in this world, which shall be forgiven in the next. This is what S. Augustine thought, and what (amongst others) such an unprejudiced writer as Dean Alford thought, and this idea is clearly brought out by one of another communion.

“O happy suffering soul ! for it is safe,  
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.” §

There is, then, for the saved soul in Paradise a growth in contrition and a growth in purification,—and there is also a growth in holiness, in happiness, in joy, in peace. Holiness is, as our Communion Office says, an offering and presenting of our souls and bodies, to be a reason-

\* Heb. xii. 14.      † Rev. xxi. 27.      ‡ S. Matt. xii. 32.

§ *The Dream of Gerontius.* By Cardinal Newman.



able, holy, and lively sacrifice unto God; the yielding up of ourselves to the keeping of the Master, and as we know Him better, we shall love Him more, and this love will go on increasing.

In Paradise the redeemed are with CHRIST, they enjoy the very Presence of the King (for time and distance to them is not what it is to us), they see His Face, and hear His blessed Voice, and thus seeing and hearing Him in this special sense, they grow in holiness by reason of His nearness, and in happiness because of that lasting Presence. If some of the Saints when on earth had so realized the presence of JESUS, and so longed for Him as to say in the words of the Apostle, I “desire to depart and be with CHRIST, which is far better,”\* what must be the desire and state of the Saints in Paradise who now have a foretaste of the “Beatific Vision,”—but a longing for, and possession of, an increased happiness and an increased joy. As on earth the trusting soul, as she gazes upon her LORD, is ever finding out new beauty and new sweetness in His character, so beyond the Veil there will be revelations of beauty, and of love, and of sweetness, of which here we can only dream and desire.

We have thus seen how clearly the Bible witnesses to the truth of this Intermediate State, this Paradise, Abraham’s bosom, where the blessed dead wait, growing—as the soul does on earth—in light, and joy, and peace, and

\* Phil. i. 23.



“refreshment.” Now we pass on to see what history and holy men say concerning this natural desire to remember, to pray for the souls of those who have gone before. It will not be necessary here to give in detail the very words of those Saints and Liturgies—they can be referred to at leisure, and the mention of their venerated names will be enough for all Catholic hearts. And first of all we have the example of our Blessed LORD Himself. We know that the Jews prayed for the dead, a hundred and fifty years before the Messiah came,\* and if we enter any Jewish synagogue to-day we shall find that they do so still. Now our Blessed LORD, as a faithful Jew, often joined in the worship of the Synagogue, and in doing so He must oftentimes have prayed for the dead.

The Apostles too prayed for the dead. Apart from the thought that the Jews of the times of the Apostles prayed for the dead, and that the Apostles themselves have no word of condemnation for that practice, we find S. Paul, in writing to S. Timothy, praying for his friend, Onesiphorus, “The LORD grant unto him that he may find mercy of the LORD in that day.” † At the time at which S. Paul wrote these words Onesiphorus was no longer living. This is evident from the following considerations ; his name is omitted from the salutations, which shows that he was neither at Rome nor at Ephe-

\* 2 Macc. xii. 43.

\* 2 Tim. i. 18.



sus ; the way in which the Apostle speaks of the associations with his friend, as of associations long passed, testifies to this ; the salutations sent to the household of Onesiphorus as though he were no longer of that household, seem to point the same way ; and the direction of the prayers towards the day of judgment, and not to the time of grace and probation, confirms the preceding considerations.\*

There is also another passage which perhaps is not so important, but which will have weight with those who understand the Communion of Saints. It is in the Epistle to the Ephesians where S. Paul directs that intercessory prayer shall be made for *all Saints*,\* and if the Saints departed are still one Body with the Saints who remain, this passage must be interpreted as including *all Saints*.

Now let us here notice what the ancient Fathers and the Liturgies of the Church say on this matter. Their testimony is most important for these reasons, that, in the early days, the Catholic Church was altogether one, and as such could not err on account of our Blessed LORD's promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"—and also because it is a matter of common sense to believe that those who lived nearest our LORD and His Apostles were much more likely to

\* *Blunt's Annotated Prayer Book.* In the probability of this, such an impartial critic as the late Dean Alford concurs.



know what was the true doctrine than those who lived hundreds of years after. I shall not quote the very words of these holy men, with the exception of a beautiful and pathetic passage from the Confessions of S. Augustine. Tertullian, who died about A.D. 218, at a great age, says, that it was customary to pray for the Blessed Dead in his day. The martyr S. Cyprian (A.D. 258,) bears the same testimony, as do Eusebius (A.D. 338,) the great historian; S. Ephrem Syrus (A.D. 373,) S. Cyril of Jerusalem (A.D. 386,) S. Ambrose of Milan (A.D. 397,) S. Gregory Nazianzen (A.D. 389,) S. Epiphanius (A.D. 403,) S. Chrysostom (A.D. 407,) S. Jerome (A.D. 420,) and S. Augustine (A.D. 430). The latter says, in speaking of his dead mother, Monica, whom he loved most dearly: "Although she was made alive in CHRIST and lived so in the days of her flesh as to bring glory to Thy Name by her faith and practice, yet I dare not say that, from the time she was regenerated in baptism, no word came out of her mouth against Thy command. And Thou hast told us, by Him Who is truth itself, that whoever shall say to his brother, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire. And woe to the most laudable life of man if Thou shouldst sift and examine it without mercy! But because Thou art not extreme to mark what is done amiss, we have hope and confidence to find some place and room, for indulgence with Thee. But whoever reckons up his true merits before Thee,



what does he more than recount Thy own gifts? O that all men would know themselves, and they that glory, glory in the LORD! I therefore, O my Praise and my Life, the GOD of my heart, setting aside a little her good actions, for which I joyfully give Thee thanks, now *make intercession for the sins of my mother.* Hear me, through the medium of His Wounds Who hung upon the tree and now sitteth at Thy right Hand to make intercession for us.”\*

When we turn from the testimony of these Martyrs and Confessors of the Early Church to the Liturgies (*i.e.*, the Service Books of the Holy Communion) we find an unanimous witness to this comforting doctrine. The Liturgy of S. James of Jerusalem (which dates from sub-Apostolic times;) the Liturgy of S. Mark, Alexandria, dating from the 2nd century: the Liturgies of S. Peter, S. John, S. Clement, and the Liturgy of S. Ambrose of Milan, all contain petitions for the final rest of faithful souls.

And when we look around us as at the present time we find that all parts of the Catholic Church have but one voice in this matter; all the Ancient Churches are agreed on this head, however else they may differ.

If we turn to the Eastern Churches we hear the same testimony, and when we remember the conservatism of these Churches concerning everything that

\* *The Confessions of S. Augustine*, book ix. § xiii.



pertains to the Truth of God—such testimony is all the more valuable. Both the Orthodox Greek Church, and the national and Catholic Church of Armenia bear the same witness.

But for us the voice we must most listen to and obey is the voice of our Mother, the national and Catholic Church of England, and what does she say concerning this custom?

We answer at once that she distinctly recognizes this most primitive and Apostolic doctrine. Of course before the Reformation there was no doubt about the matter, and in the first Prayer Book of King Edward VI. (1549) this custom was most distinctly and definitely recognized; but in the second Prayer Book (1552), owing to the influence of foreign Protestants, such as Bucer and Calvin, men who did not even believe in Episcopacy, all prayerful allusions to the dead were cut out. Since that second revision (1552) of the Prayer Book, there have been three others, all of which have gone in the direction of recognizing and restoring prayers for the faithful dead.

Before, however, pointing out the remembrances of the dead which occur in our present Prayer Book, it should be noted that those who in 1552 eliminated from the first Book nearly all traces of this Catholic doctrine, yet declared that in that Book (of 1549) there was nothing but what was “agreeable to the Word of God and the Primitive Church.” This is an important admission,



and we ought to be thankful for it,—as well as for the fact that the Protestants of those days, although they succeeded in obscuring this doctrine concerning the faithful dead, did not succeed in obliterating it. It must also always be a matter of wonder to Catholic hearts that those who rejected some of the essentials of the Faith, *e.g.*, (as has already been stated,) a belief in Episcopacy, should have been allowed to take part in the revision of the Service Books of a part of the Catholic Church.

We will now see what our present Prayer Book has to say. Turning first to the *Litany*, we find there that the faithful are bidden to pray for mercy, not only in the hour of death," but also "in the day of Judgment."

Passing on to the *Church Militant Prayer* in the Communion Office, we pray, when commemorating those departed in the faith and fear of God, "that *with them* we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom," *i.e.*, we pray not only for ourselves but for all those of God's servants who have departed this life in His faith and fear.

Again in the *Prayer of Oblation*, which comes soon after the Consecration in the same Office, we pray GOD "to grant, that by the merits and death of Thy SON JESUS CHRIST, and through Faith in His Blood, we, *and all Thy whole Church*, may obtain remission of our sins, and all other benefits of His Passion." Are the Saints



in Paradise part of the "whole Church?" If so, we certainly pray for them in this passage.

Turning to *the Order for the Burial of the Dead*, in the last prayer but one in that Office, we find a petition which needs no emphasis. After praying that GOD would hasten the coming of His Kingdom, we say, "that we *with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy Holy Name*, may have our perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory."

It might also be mentioned that the Church of England prays for the dead in the Bidding Prayer of the Canons of 1603, and also in the Commemoration of Benefactors at the Universities.

That this is the doctrine of the Anglican Church is shown from the fact that most of the holiest and greatest men in her Communion have always practised this devotion, some of whom were by no means "extreme" in their doctrinal views. Among such I would mention the names of Archbishops Laud and Usher, Bishops Andrewes, Cosin, Ken, and Overall, Montagu, Jeremy Taylor, Sheldon, Barrow, Bull, Heber, and Forbes of Brechin, and Priests Wesley, Keble, and Pusey, not to mention the number of Bishops and Priests, who in these days remember at the Altar and in their private devotions the faithful dead.

And here we quote the words of Heber,—the Poet-



Bishop, as they may have some weight with those who hitherto have been unable to avail themselves of this comforting privilege. "Having been led," says the Bishop, "attentively to consider the question, my own opinion is on the whole favourable to the practice, which is indeed so natural and so comfortable, that this alone is a presumption that it is neither unpleasing to the Almighty nor unavailing with him. The Jews, so far back as their opinions can be traced since the time of our SAVIOUR, have uniformly recommended their deceased friends to mercy. And from a passage in the 2nd Book of Maccabees,\* it appears that (from whatever source they derived it) they had the custom before His time." Then, after referring to S. Augustine's prayer for his deceased mother, Monica, he goes on to say: "Among Protestants Luther and Dr. Johnson are eminent instances of the same conduct. I have accordingly been myself in the habit for some years of recommending on some occasions, and after receiving the Sacrament, my lost friends by name to GOD'S goodness and compassion through His SON, as what can do them no harm, and *may*, and I hope *will*, be of service to them. Only this caution I always endeavour to observe—that I beg His forgiveness at the same time for myself, if unknowingly I am too presumptuous, and His grace lest I, who am thus solicitious for

\* 2 Macc. xii. 43—45.



*others*, should neglect the appointed means of my own salvation."

We have then testimony of all kinds and of all ages which witness to the blessed truth that there *is* Love beyond the Veil,—a love which may show itself in prayer for those we love. The Bible has told us that in Paradise there is a progressive purification and illumination, we also know that our Blessed LORD Himself by His Presence at the worship of "His own" sanctioned these prayers; that His Apostles (at least we have the testimony of one of them) offered up such petitions; that the ancient Fathers of the Undivided Church, and the Liturgies of the same, all teach this doctrine, and that our own Church, and many of her holiest sons have followed in the path thus marked out for them, and you, dear reader, need not fear to tread the same way, and be found in the same blessed company; indeed, as a modern writer affirms, "no one ever thought of *not* praying for the departed until comparatively recent times."\*

We have already seen that the state of the Blessed Dead is a state of progress and of growth. They are indeed beyond the reach of sin and sorrow, but they are not already perfect. The deep and solemn question now remains, in what way or how far do our prayers avail with GOD for the perfecting of the souls at rest.

\* *The Annotated Book of Common Prayer.* By J. H. Blunt.



We of course cannot realise fully the state of those at rest. The activities of the spiritual world are almost unknown to us, but that there are activities there we know full well. Our Blessed LORD we are told was "put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the Spirit." When He died upon the cross His human Spirit was quickened, and in that quickened Spirit "He went and preached unto the spirits in prison." Our LORD is our Pattern and Type in all things, and therefore in this. His soul and life in the spirit-world is a type of what ours will be, therefore as His Spirit was quickened at death, so ours surely will be; and what does all this mean but an increase of light, of knowledge, of progress, and of purity, when the soul has burst the bonds of the flesh? To the souls who die strong in faith and love there will ever be widening visions—ever-increasing experiences of the Love of GOD—for they are now in His Presence—and receive of Him in a much fuller and completer sense than they ever did on earth. "For the Lamb Which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters,"\* and "they shall go from strength to strength; and unto the GOD of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion."†

And then with regard to those many souls who die in imperfect penitence and faith. What are we to say of

\* Rev. vii. 17.

† Ps. lxxxiv. 7.



such? Again I would insist upon the fact that no love or affection of the living can ever alter the state of those who have died in sin—but what, I repeat, of those many souls who have died in imperfect penitence and faith? Surely this, that where a soul has passed to the unseen shore, having never wilfully rejected, but having, it may be from want of knowledge, or of surroundings, or of grace, or of opportunities, never fully laid hold of the great salvation—may there not be for that soul in the land beyond a fuller revelation—a clearer vision, an added opportunity, which its surroundings on earth never allowed it to have? Ah, we all know of the thousands in this life whose bringing up, whose associations, whose friends are terrible hindrances to a reception of the truth as it is in JESUS, and to growth in grace, and such, dying in that state, are we to say that they are eternally lost? Surely, in the souls of all who have died with the seed of life sown therein, whether it be the seed which *here* has shown promise of a goodly tree—or whether it be a seed which here has brought forth no fruit—yet as long as the germ of life is there, that life will go on increasing in power and vitality by the quickening power of the HOLY SPIRIT. Of course GOD alone knows all the history, and all the failures of each individual life, He alone knows those who have died in Him and those who have not. We are not judges in this matter, nor indeed do we desire

to be. Even on earth, in our prayers for others we always plead the petition, "If it be Thy Will, O God," leaving the result in His hands, and it surely should be the same with regard to our prayers for our dear dead, submitting all our requests, and all our longings of love to His most perfect Will, and then, "If we ask anything *according to His Will*, He heareth us."\*

Leaving now the Blessed Dead, and coming back to ourselves, let us ask the question, And what of us who remain? Not now do I wish to speak of what those beyond the Veil *do* for us, for they do much by their mighty example, their solicitious intercession, and their loving companionship. Ah, yes, our dear dead are still near to us, and the memory of their love, and the power of their prayers, and the quickening love of their presence, keep us closer and closer to the Master.

"In *life* our absent friend is far away ;  
But *death* may bring our friend exceeding near ;  
Show him familiar faces long so dear ;  
And lead him back in reach of words we say.  
He only cannot utter yea or nay,  
In any voice accustomed to our ear ;  
He only cannot make his face appear,  
And turn the sun back on our shadowed day.  
The dead may be around us dear and dead,  
The unforgotten dearest dead may be  
Watching us with unslumbering eyes and heart.

\* 1 S. John v. 14.



Brimful of words which cannot yet be said,  
Brimful of knowledge they may not impart.  
Brimful of love for you and love for me."\*

But it is not of this I wish especially to speak,—not of what the dear dead do for us, but rather of what our prayers and thoughts for them bring us. And first of all to think of them in prayerful spirit makes *this life* different, for it brings them quite close to us, indeed “we *are* come unto Mount Zion . . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect.”† Death makes our love brighter and stronger, and as love is the only true uniter and revealer, whatever quickens that makes us nearer and dearer to each other, although some we love are now beyond the Veil.

Then again, prayer for our dead makes *death* quite different, for it teaches us that we are still one, and that death is but a fuller revelation of the same life and love. [Death does not divide us in any real or true way. Death is no dark and dreadful thing, but the entrance into the land of beauty and brightness. We no longer sorrow, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him, because we know that we are pleading the same atoning Sacrifice for each other, and with the same words of affection as we did in the days gone by.

So too it makes our home brighter when we recollect that from their eternal home, our dear ones look down

\* Christina Rossetti.

† Heb. xii. 22.

upon us, and watch with loving interest our daily toils and cares, our daily sorrows and joys, and sometimes we think how “kindly footsteps are near us, though more noiseless than fall the snowflakes, and how little faces missed now from our firesides will one day wait for us at the gates of the golden city.”

Dear reader, I want you to be happy in the thought that you may, with perfect loyalty to the Church of England, pray for those “loved and lost,”—you need never omit from your prayers the names of those whom in the years now gone you loved to take upon your lips. As day by day you kneel in the presence of Him Who is the GOD of the dead as well as of the living,—*for all live unto Him*, do not forget the names of the blessed and expectant dead. Keep as a dear thought the oneness of the Church, and the oneness of all her members, for it is that thought which is the motive power of all prayer for departed souls.

One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

“ We have been dwelling awhile on some of the sacred relations which subsist between us and the souls of the departed ; seeking—after our LORD’S guidance—to gather, from the Spirit of the Scripture, some intimations of the Divine Will. Blessed shall we be if, by



such thoughts, we be drawn a little nearer to the unseen world,—to plant our feet more firmly upon the Mount Sion, and within the borders of the Heavenly Jerusalem ;—and already to stand in our lot amid the innumerable company of Angels, and with the Spirits of just men made perfect ! Blessed, if in those holy hours, as we kneel before the altar, we catch, in the distance, the echo of the Heavenly voices—the Eucharist of Souls in Paradise—and its music linger on us as we go on our way henceforth ! ‘ They sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the seals thereof : for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.’ ”\*

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## Prayers.

### FOR THE DEPARTED.

O LORD, the God of Spirits and all flesh, Who didst put death under Thy Feet, didst destroy the power of the devil and gavest Thy Life for the world, grant rest, O LORD, to the souls of Thy departed servants, (especially . . . . .), in the place of light and refreshment, whence pain and sorrow and sighing are driven

\* *The Life of Departed Souls.* By the Rev. J. P. F. Davidson.

away ; and in Thy goodness and mercy pardon every sin committed by them in thought, word, and deed ; Thou Who art the Resurrection and the Life, and Who livest and reignest, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

*The Guild of All Souls.*

REMEMBER Thy servants and handmaidens, which have departed hence in the LORD, (especially . . . ), and all others to whom our remembrance is due ; give them eternal rest and peace in Thy Heavenly Kingdom, and to us such a measure of Communion with them, as Thou knowest to be best for us. And bring us all to serve Thee in Thine Eternal Kingdom when Thou wilt, and where Thou wilt, only without shame or sin. Forgive my presumption, and accept my prayers as Thou didst the prayers of Thine ancient Church, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

*Bishop Andrewes.*

AT THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

I PRAY Thee, O great High Priest, the True Priest JESUS CHRIST, for the souls of the faithful departed, (especially . . . . ), that this great Sacrament of Thy Love may be unto them health and salvation, joy and refreshment. O LORD my God, grant unto them, this day, a great and abundant feast of Thee, the living and true Bread, Who camest down from Heaven, and givest life unto the world ; even of Thy holy and blessed Flesh, the Lamb without spot, Who takest away the sins of the



world ; of that Flesh which was taken of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and conceived of the HOLY GHOST ; of that Fountain of mercy, which, by the soldier's lance, flowed from Thy most sacred Side ; that they may be thereby enlarged and satisfied, refreshed and comforted, and may rejoice in Thy praise, and in Thy glory for ever. Amen.

✠ May the faithful departed through the mercy of GOD, rest in peace. Amen.

*From "The Waiting Church."*

### Prayers which may be used in a Churchyard.

HAIL ! all ye faithful souls of JESUS CHRIST. May He gave you rest, Who is Himself the One True Rest ! May JESUS CHRIST, the SON of the living GOD, Who, for our salvation, and that of all mankind, was born of the Virgin Mary, and redeemed you by His Precious Blood, raise you up on the Day of Judgment, and place you with His Saints and holy Angels. Amen.

O GOD, by Whose mercy the souls of the faithful find rest, mercifully grant to Thy servants . . . and to all that, here and elsewhere, sleep in CHRIST, the pardon of their sins, that, absolved and purified, they may rejoice with Thee for all eternity. Through the same CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

## ON LEAVING.

FAREWELL, all ye faithful souls whose bodies here rest in the earth. May the Sun of Righteousness bless you far and wide, and make you to enjoy the brightness of His light for ever. Amen.

✠ May they rest in peace. Amen.

*From "The Waiting Church."*

## A Table of Psalms.

*Which may be used on behalf of the Faithful Departed.*

Psalm xxiii. Psalm xxvii. Psalm xlii. Psalm cxvi.  
 Psalm cxx. Psalm cxxi. Psalm cxxii. Psalm cxxiii.  
 Psalm cxxiv. Psalm cxxx.

At the end of each Psalm, instead of the usual Gloria, shall be said—

Rest eternal grant to them, O LORD,  
 And let light perpetual shine upon them.

*From "The Waiting Church."*



A LITANY FOR THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

LORD, have mercy.  
CHRIST, *have mercy.*  
LORD, have mercy.

O CHRIST, hear us.  
O CHRIST, *graciously hear us.*

GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON.  
HOLY SPIRIT, Lord of Life,  
Ever Blessèd TRINITY.

Have mercy on the holy dead.

By the tender Love that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,  
By Thy bitter parting cry,  
JESUS, hear our Litany.

JESUS CHRIST, Almighty LORD,  
Ever-ready SAVIOUR  
Of the souls who trust in Thee,  
Bless the dead who rest in Thee.

JESUS CHRIST, Almighty GOD,  
Thirsting in Thy Sacred Heart,  
That all men Thy bliss should share,  
Bless the dead who rest in Thee.

By the greatness of Thy Love,  
And Thy sweet compassion,  
Not extreme to mark our faults,  
    Bless the dead who rest in Thee.

By Thy precious Death of shame,  
On the Cross of Calvary ;  
By Thy going down to Hell,  
    Bless the dead who rest in Thee.

By Thy resting in the tomb,  
By Thy Resurrection,  
And Thy victory o'er the grave,  
    Bless the dead who rest in Thee.

By Thy glorious Ascension  
To the Throne of GOD on high,  
To prepare a place for us,  
    Bless the dead who rest in Thee.

In the dreadful Judgment Day,  
When the dead shall rise again,  
And in their flesh shall see their LORD,  
    Spare them, Holy JESU.

Hasten, LORD, the triumph day  
Of the dead who rest in Thee,  
When the Marriage Feast shall come,  
    Hear us, Holy JESU.



Give Thy holy dead, O LORD,  
Portion in the Sacrifice,  
And prayers offered in Thy Church,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Make them share, O JESU blest,  
In the intercession  
Of the Saints before Thy Throne,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Make all prayers and pious deeds,  
Holy rites and services,  
To increase their happiness,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Let this pious act of ours  
And our loving service,  
Be accepted in Thy sight.  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

O LAMB of GOD, That takest away the sins of the  
world,

*Have mercy upon the souls of the faithful departed.*

O LAMB of GOD, That takest away the sins of the  
world,

*Bless the souls of the faithful departed.*

O LAMB of GOD, That takest away the sins of the  
world,

*Grant them Thy peace.*

O CHRIST, hear us.

*O CHRIST, graciously hear us.*

LORD, have mercy.

CHRIST, have mercy.

LORD, have mercy.

Our FATHER.

Ÿ. Grant them, O LORD, eternal rest,

R̃. And let light perpetual shine upon them.

Ÿ. O LORD, hear our prayer.

R̃. And let our cry come unto Thee.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful GOD, the only salvation of mankind, we entreat Thee of Thy mercy to grant that Thy servants and handmaids who have departed this life, in the confession of Thy Name, may be added unto the number of Thy Saints and elect, and enjoy life everlasting; through the merits and mediation of Thy SON JESUS CHRIST our LORD, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the HOLY GHOST, GOD for ever and ever. Amen.

Ÿ. ✠ May they rest in peace.

R̃. Amen.

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HYMNS.

*"She is not dead, but sleepeth."*

1. **THEY** are not dead, but sleeping :  
     When the sound  
     Of the Archangel's trump shall wake the dead,  
     They will arise, each from his narrow bed,  
         With swathing bands unbound—  
     Calm and refreshed from His all-holy keeping.  
  
     They are not dead, but sleeping :  
         Vex not them  
     With tears and lamentations in your sorrow.  
     Short is the time before the golden morrow  
         Shall shed its welcome beam—  
     The New Life's pathway in fresh glory steeping.  
  
     They are not dead, but sleeping :  
         Sleep on now !  
     Death's dreamy angel from his dewy wings  
     Drops of forgetfulness in mercy flings  
         Upon your weary brow—  
     All thought and care from your still eyelids sweeping.  
  
     They are not dead, but sleeping :  
         Softly rest,

Ye dear departed, in your tranquil home ;  
 Sleep on in peace, till your kind LORD shall come,  
 And bear you in His breast.  
 Far from the sounds of earthly grief and weeping.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

*“ That whether we wake or sleep, we should live together  
 with Him.”*

2. **T**HEY whose course on earth is o'er,  
 Think they of their brethren more ?  
 They before the Throne who bow,  
 Feel they for their brethren now ?

We, by enemies distress—  
 They in Paradise at rest ;  
 We the captives—they the freed —  
 We and they are one indeed.

One in all we seek or shun,  
 One—because our LORD is one ;  
 One in heart, and one 'in love—  
 We below, and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,  
 Many mountains, many tides,  
 Have they with each other part,  
 Fellowship of heart with heart ?



Each to each may be unknown,  
Wide apart their lots be thrown ;  
Diff'ring tongues their lips may speak  
One be strong, and one be weak ;—

Yet in Sacrament and prayer  
Each with other hath a share,  
Hath a share in tear and sigh,  
Watch, and Fast, and Litany.

Saints departed even thus  
Hold communion still with us ;  
Still with us, beyond the veil,  
Praising, pleading without fail.

With them still our hearts we raise,  
Share their work, and join their praise,  
Rend'ring worship, thanks, and love,  
To the TRINITY above.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

*“ Cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished.”*

3. SAFE home, safe home in port !  
    Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provision short,  
    And only not a wreck :  
But oh ! the joy upon the shore,  
To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !  
The athlete nearly fell ;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well :  
But he may smile at troubles gone,  
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm ;  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp ;  
And yet how nearly had he fail'd—  
How nearly had that foe prevail'd !

The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penn'd ;  
The lion once had hold  
And thought to make an end ;  
But One came by with wounded Side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home !  
O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins and doubts and fears :  
What matters now grief's darkest day ?  
The King has wiped those tears away.

JOHN MASON NEALE.



*"Children of the Resurrection."*

4. ON the Resurrection morning  
Soul and Body meet again ;  
No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
No more pain !  
Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Fast asleep.  
For a space, the tired body  
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;  
Till there breaks the last and brightest  
Easter morn.  
But the soul, in contemplation,  
Utters earnest prayer and strong,  
Bursting at the Resurrection  
Into song.  
Soul and body, re-united,  
Henceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in CHRIST's own likeness,  
Satisfied.  
O, the beauty ! O, the gladness,  
Of that Resurrection Day !  
Which shall not, through endless ages,  
Pass away.

On that happy Easter morning,  
All the graves their dead restore ;  
Father, brother, child and mother,  
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings,  
 Bring us JESUS CHRIST, at last ;  
 To Thy Cross, through death and judgment.  
 Holding fast.  
 SABINE BARING GOULD.

*The Memory of the Dead.*

5. OH, it is sweet to think  
Of those that are departed,  
While murmured Aves sink  
To silence tender-hearted ;  
While tears that have no pain  
Are tranquilly distilling,  
And the dead live again  
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days  
Of earthly ties we love them ;  
For they are touched with rays  
From light that is above them :  
Another sweetness shines  
Around their well-known features :



God, with His glory, signs  
His dearly ransomed creatures.  
Yes, they are more our own,  
Since now they are God's only ;  
And each one that has gone,  
Has left our heart less lonely.  
He mourns not seasons fled,  
Who now in Him possesses  
Treasures of many dead,  
In their dear LORD'S caresses.  
Dear dead ! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us ;  
And distant Heaven, like home,  
Through them begins to woo us :  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places ;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.  
They whom we loved on earth,  
Attract us now to Heaven-;  
Who shared our grief and mirth,  
Back to us now are given.  
They move with noiseless foot,  
Gravely and sweetly round us,  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead ! to Heaven  
 With grudging sighs we gave you,  
 To Him—be doubts forgiven !  
 Who took you there to save you :  
 Now get us grace to love  
 Your memories yet more kindly,  
 Pine for our homes above,  
 And trust to GOD more blindly.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

*The Land beyond the Sea.*

6. ✓ THE land beyond the sea !  
 When will life's task be o'er ?  
 When shall we reach that soft blue shore,  
 O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar  
 When shall we come to thee,  
 Calm land beyond the sea ?
- The land beyond the sea !  
 How close it often seems,  
 When flushed with evenings peaceful gleams,  
 And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams !  
 It longs to fly to thee,  
 Calm land beyond the sea !
- The land beyond the sea !  
 Sometimes distinct and near



It grows upon the eye and ear,  
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere ;  
We seem half-way to thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea ;

✓ The land beyond the sea !  
Sometimes across the strait,  
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate  
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait  
For us to pass to thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea !

✓ The land beyond the sea !  
Oh, how the lapsing years,  
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,  
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers  
Of those we love to thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea !

The land beyond the sea !  
How dark our present home !  
By the dull beach and sullen foam,  
How wearily, how drearily we roam,  
With arms outstretched to thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea !

✓ The land beyond the sea !  
When will our toil be done ?

Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run  
 Into the gold of that unsetting sun !

Homesick we are for thee,  
 Calm land beyond the sea !

The land beyond the sea !  
 Why fadest thou in light ?

Why art thou better seen towards night ?  
 Dear land ! look always plain, look always bright,  
 That we may gaze on thee,  
 Calm land beyond the sea !

✓ The land beyond the sea !  
 Sweet is thine endless rest,  
 But sweeter far that FATHER'S breast  
 Upon thy shores eternally possest,  
 For JESUS reigns o'er thee  
 Calm land beyond the sea !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

*“ The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and  
 there shall no torment touch them.”*

7. **B**ROTHER, now thy toils are o'er,  
 Fought the battle, won the crown,  
 On life's rough and barren shore  
 Thou hast laid thy burden down :  
 Grant him, LORD, eternal rest  
 With the spirits of the blest.



Through death's valley, dim and dark,  
JESUS guide thee in the gloom,  
Show thee where His footprints mark  
Tracks of glory through the tomb.  
Grant him, &c.

Angels bear thee to the land  
Where the towers of Sion rise,  
Safely lead thee by the hand  
To the fields of Paradise.  
Grant him, &c.

White-robed at the golden gate  
Of the New Jerusalem,  
May the host of martyrs wait,  
Give thee part and lot with them.  
Grant him, &c.

Choirs of angels over us,  
Bear CHRIST'S weak and trembling lamb,  
Give thee peace with Lazarus  
In the breast of Abraham.  
Grant him, &c.

Rest in peace ; the gates of hell  
Touch thee not till He shall come  
For the souls He loves so well,  
Dear LORD of the heavenly home.  
Grant him, &c.

Earth to earth and dust to dust,  
 Clay we give to kindred clay,  
 In the sure and certain trust  
 Of the Resurrection Day.  
 Grant him, &c.

CHRIST the Sower sows thee here :  
 When the Eternal Day shall dawn,  
 He will gather in the ear  
 On that Resurrection Morn.  
 Grant him, LORD, eternal rest,  
 Light and life at Thy behest,  
 With the spirits of the blest. Amen.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

*The Violence of Grief.*

8. O MERCIFUL FATHER ! the blow that we feared,  
 Though for long it hath threatened and slowly  
 hath neared,  
 Hath come all at once, hath too suddenly come,  
 And laid waste the fair garden that once was our home.
- We had thought to have borne it far better than this,  
 Nor have grudged to Thy will our poor tribute of  
 bliss ;  
 In our minds we had looked in the face of this woe,  
 And had fixed how to kneel to encounter the blow.



But it seems as if sorrow did more than make haste,  
And had leaped from the clouds down upon us at last :  
And the grief most surprises, looks most like a wrong,  
Because we have looked for its coming so long.

Nay, we would fain believe that the blow had not  
    come,  
That it was but a dream, this dumb, desolate home,  
That the eyes were not closed, could not possibly close,  
In the light of whose love was our only repose.

All grief has its limits, all chastenings their pause :  
Thy love and our weakness are sorrow's two laws ;  
No burdens of Thine are too great to be borne,  
Didst Thou know how this sorrow would leave us  
    forlorn ?

We had said we were ready, whatever should chance ;  
Of our hearts' preparations we made a romance ;  
And we bade Thee sincerely to strike at Thy will ;  
Thou hast struck, but how far are our hearts from  
    being still !

What a voiceless despair, what a tempest of tears,  
What a perfect rebellion and clamour of fears,  
What murmurs unchecked, tempers unrecoiled !  
All within us, but faith, is disordered and wild.

Yet see how we crouch to Thee, LORD ! after all ;  
We wished Thee far off while the blow did not fall,  
And now our sole joy is to feel Thee so near,  
And we fling ourselves down on Thy lap without fear.

We fling ourselves on Thee with passionate trust ;  
Thou art always most loving when forced to be just ;  
And our ravings and tears are no worse in Thine eyes,  
Than the newly-weaned mountain lamb's pitiful cries.

Our foolish wild words are some worship to Thee,  
Thou hast made us so, LORD ! and would'st have it  
so be ;  
And we know, when our hearts the most bitterly swell,  
Not the less was it love for being judgment as well.

Thy knowledge of us makes Thy pity more deep ;  
Our knowledge of Thee bids us trust while we weep :  
For it is when we weep we are often most still ;  
They who mourn most keep often most close to Thy  
will.

Thou wert always our FATHER ! Each sun that arose  
Has done nothing through life but fresh mercies dis-  
close ;  
But we feel, while the joy of our life is laid low,  
Thou hast ne'er been so tender a FATHER as now.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



*“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”*

9. SLEEP on, belov'd one through the summers  
sweet,  
Sleep on ; the daisies blowing at thy feet ;  
Through wintry blast, and autumn's chilly rain,  
Awake not until JESUS comes again.

Nothing can harm thee, O thou blessed dead ;  
Loud though the storm beat o'er thy gentle head ;  
In JESUS' keeping ne'er shall power of hell  
Snatch thee from Him Who loveth thee so well.

“ Until the day dawn,” and “ the shadow's flee,”  
Till from thy narrow bed He calleth thee,  
Sleep on in silence, oh, thou sacred dust,  
Waiting the resurrection of the just.

Sleep on, thou lov'd one, through the summers sweet ;  
Sleep on ! the flowerets waving at thy feet ;  
Lone though our hearts feel, yet we would not weep,  
For “ so He giveth His beloved sleep ”

E. M. HUSBAND.

*A Child's Death.*

10. THOU touchest us lightly, O GOD ! in our grief,  
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous  
hours !

All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful and  
brief,  
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children ! my children ! they clustered all round me,  
Like a rampart which sorrow could never break  
through ;

Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me  
In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

But the eldest ! O FATHER ! how glorious he was,  
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like eyes :  
Thou lovest Thy Soleborn ! And had I not cause,  
The treasure Thou gavest me, FATHER, to prize !

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,  
And the tallest is gone from the place where he grew ;  
My tallest ! my fairest ! Oh, let me complain ;  
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat  
through.

I murmur not, FATHER ! my will is with Thee ;  
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine ;  
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O FATHER ! but see  
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was  
mine.

Thou hast taken the fairest : he was fairest to me ;  
Thou hast taken the fairest : 'tis always Thy way ;



Thou hast taken the dearest : was he dearest to thee ?  
Thou art welcome, thrice welcome ;—yet woe is the day !

Thou hast honoured my child by the speed of Thy  
choice

Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him  
with mirth :

He sings up in Heaven with his sweet sounding voice,  
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet, oh for that voice, which is thrilling through  
Heaven,

One moment my ears with its music to slake !  
Oh no ! not for worlds would I have him re-given,  
Yet I long to have back what I would not re-take,

I grudge him, and grudge him not ! FATHER ! Thou  
knowest

The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ;  
It is thus in Thy husbandry, SAVIOUR, Thou sowest  
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

Thou art blooming in Heaven, my Blossom, my  
Pride !

And Thy beauty makes JESUS and Mary more glad :  
Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest born  
died ;

Oh why, my own saint, is thy mother so sad ?

Go go with thy GOD, with thy SAVIOUR, my child !  
 Thou art His ; I am His ; and thy sisters are His :  
 But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild,—  
 To think that her son is an angel in bliss !

Oh, forgive me, dear SAVIOUR ! on Heaven's bright  
 shore

Should I still in my child find a separate joy :  
 While I lie in the light of Thy Face evermore,  
 May I think Heaven brighter because of my boy ?

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

*“ They are without fault before the Thorne of God.”*

11. **L**ET no tears to-day be shed,  
 Holy is this narrow bed.

Alleluia ;

Death eternal life bestows,  
 Open Heaven's portal throws.

Alleluia !

And no peril waits at last,  
*Him* who now away hath passed.

Alleluia !

Not salvation hardly won—  
 Not the meed for race well run.

Alleluia !



But the pity of the LORD  
Gives His child a full reward.

Alleluia !

Grants the prize without the course,  
Crowns, without the battle's force.

Alleluia !

GOD, Who loveth innocence  
Hastes to take His darling hence.

Alleluia !

What need we beseech in prayer  
For that soul, now glad and fair ?

Alleluia !

Nay, for us it prays the LORD,  
That His mercy He accord.

Alleluia !

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

*" They are in peace."*

12. **T**ENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping ;  
Oh ! how peaceful, pale and mild,  
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping.  
And no sigh of anguish sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

In a world of pain and care,  
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;

*THROUGH THE VEIL.*

To Thy meadows bright and fair,  
Lovingly Thou dost receive it ;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we  
There may live where it is living,  
And the blissful pastures see  
That its heavenly food are giving ;  
Lost awhile our treasured love,  
Gain'd for ever, safe above.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

*"Thy brother shall rise again."*

13. **W**ITHIN the churchyard, side by side,  
Are many long low graves ;  
And some have stones set over them,  
On some the green grass waves.

Full many a little Christian child,  
Woman and man, lies there ;  
And we pass near them every time  
When we go in to prayer.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,  
They do not see us pass ;  
They cannot feel the warm bright sun  
That shines upon the grass.



They do not hear when the great bell  
Is ringing overhead ;  
They cannot rise and come to church  
With us, for they are dead.

But we believe a day shall come,  
When all the dead will rise,  
When they who sleep down in the grave  
Will ope again their eyes.

For CHRIST our LORD was buried once  
He died and rose again,  
He conquered death, He left the grave ;  
And so will Christian men.

So when the friends we love the best  
Lie in their churchyard bed,  
We must not cry too bitterly,  
Over the happy dead ;

Because, for our dear SAVIOUR'S sake,  
Our sins are all forgiven ;  
And Christians only fall asleep  
To wake again in Heaven.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

*"Is it well with the child ? . . . It is well."*

14. SAFELY, safely gather'd in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin,

No more childish griefs or fears,  
 No more sadness, no more tears ;  
 For the life so young and fair  
 Now hath passed from earthly care :  
 GOD Himself the soul will keep,  
 Giving His belovèd—sleep.

Safely, safely gather'd in,  
 Far from sorrow, far from sin,  
 Pass'd beyond all grief and pain,  
 Death for thee is truest gain ;  
 For our loss we must not weep,  
 Nor our loved one long to keep  
 From the home of rest and peace,  
 Where all sin and sorrow cease.

Safely, safely gather'd in,  
 Far from sorrow, far from sin :  
 GOD has saved from weary strife,  
 In its dawn, this fresh young life ;  
 Now it waits for us above,  
 Resting in the SAVIOUR'S love :  
 JESU, grant that we may meet  
 There adoring at Thy Feet.

MRS. DOBREE.

*“He shall gather the lambs with His Arm.”*

15. **I**N Paradise reposing,  
 By Life's eternal well,



The tender lambs of JESUS  
In greenest pastures dwell.

There palms and tiny crownlets,  
Aglow with brightest gem,  
Bedeck the baby martyrs  
Who died in Bethlehem.

With them the rose-wreathed army  
Of children undefiled,  
Who passed through mortal torments  
In love of CHRIST the Child.

With them in peace unending,  
With them in joyous mirth,  
Are all the stainless infants  
Which since have gone from earth.

The angels, once their guardians  
Their fellows now in grace,  
With them, in love adoring,  
See GOD the FATHER'S Face.

The lullaby to hush them  
In that eternal rest,  
Is sweet angelic singing,  
Their nurse GOD'S mother blest :

For she who rocked the cradle  
In Nazareth of old,

Now bendeth o'er the younglings  
Within that happy fold.

O JESU, loving SHEPHERD,  
Who tenderly dost bear  
Thy lambs in Thine own bosom,  
Bring us to join them there. Amen.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

*"Until the Day dawn."*

16. OUR darling rests until shall dawn the Day  
When on this world, with resurrection ray,  
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise and reign,  
And claim the kingdoms for His own again.

Ah me ! how hard to say the sad farewell,  
To know that ne'er again those lips will tell  
Their tiny troubles to my willing ear—  
Those earnest eyes seek mine in every fear.

To think of him so lonely, lying there,  
It almost breaks my heart—for everywhere  
And at all times he dearly loved to lean  
Upon us both—and nothing came between.

And all alone he had to cross the stream !  
Dear, timid, trusting feet ! The golden gleam  
From out the fair glad land beyond shone bright,  
To guide my darling through the darkest night.



Away, then, all these wilful thoughts and tears,  
My son with JESUS is—no fretting fears  
Shall stay my soul, my anchor now is he,  
To bind me to the land beyond the sea.

Yet day by day I wander to the place  
Where his dear body lies, and though his face  
I cannot see, I love to press my own  
Against the mound which covers him—grass-grown.

I love to sit through all the summer day  
Beside him, as I used to do, and say  
Low loving words, such as he longed to hear,  
And saying them it makes me feel him near.

Fierce storms may beat upon my darling's grave,  
Or gently shine the sun, or flowerets wave.  
He heeds them not, in perfect peace he is,  
My heavy heart grows glad at thought of this.

Dear body, rest then in thy narrow bed,  
No ill can come to thee, most blessed dead,  
Sleep on, thou dearest one, in safety sleep,  
For He Who holdeth thee will always keep.

And when at last the distant hills grow light  
With the approaching Day that ends the night,  
My son from out his narrow bed shall come,  
And I with him shall hasten to our home.



Dear JESUS, swiftly speed that time most blest,  
When to the weary-worn shall come sweet rest,  
And I again my dearest dead shall see,  
And be with him to all eternity.

A. SAUNDERS DYER.

*“He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.”*

17. **W**HEN my tongue can no more utter  
    Either prayer or psalm,  
Then O give my spirit longing  
    For thy blissful calm.

When the last faint sigh is breathèd,  
    Ope Thy door of pearl,  
Bid my watchful guardian angel  
    His white wings unfurl.

That through regions wild, untrodden,  
    LORD, I may not roam,  
Bid him bear my quaking spirit  
    Softly, softly home !

Home to the Angel Land,  
Home where no shadows fall,  
Home to the golden strand,  
Home to the MONARCH'S hall ;



Home from all risk of harm,  
Home to the Land of rest,  
Home to my FATHER'S Arm,  
Home to my SAVIOUR'S Breast.

SABINE BARING GOULD.

*The Shore of Eternity.*

18. **A**LONE ! to land alone upon that shore !  
With no one sight that we have seen before,—  
Things of a different hue,  
And the sounds all new,  
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint,  
Alone ! Oh that first hour of being a saint !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !  
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,  
Perhaps no shape of ground,  
Perhaps no sight or sound,  
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—  
But to begin alone that mighty change !

Alone ! to land upon that shore !  
Knowing so well we can return no more :  
No voice or face of friend.  
None with us to attend  
Our disembarking on that awful strand,  
But to arrive alone in such a land !



Alone ! to land alone upon that shore :]  
To begin life for evermore,  
    To have no one to teach  
    The manners or the speech  
Of that new life, or put us at our ease :—  
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies !

Alone? No! GOD hath been there long before,  
Eternally hath waited on that shore  
    For us who were to come  
    To our eternal home ;  
And He hath taught His angels to prepare  
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate,  
As if there were none else for whom to wait,  
    Waiting for us, for us  
    Who keep Him waiting thus  
And who bring less to satisfy His love  
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone ? The GOD we know is on that shore,  
The GOD of Whose attractions we know more  
    Than of those who may appear  
    Nearest and dearest here :  
Oh, is He not the life-long friend we know  
More privately than any friend below ?



Alone ? The GOD we trust is on that shore,  
The Faithful One Whom we have trusted more  
    In trials and in woes,  
    Than we have trusted those  
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,—  
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life !

Alone ? The GOD we love is on that shore,  
Love not enough, yet Whom we love far more,  
    And Whom we loved all through,  
    And with a love more true  
Than other loves,—yet now shall love Him more :  
True love of Him begins upon that shore !

So not alone we land upon that shore :  
'Twill be as though we had been there before ;  
    We shall meet more we know  
    Than we can meet below,  
And find our rest like some returning dove,  
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.